

Where is my Lord of Warwicke?
Prin. My Lord of Warwicke.
King. Doth any name particular, belong
 Vnto the Lodging, where I first did swoon'd?
War. 'Tis call'd *Ierusalem*, my Noble Lord.
King. Laud be to heauen:
 Euen there my life must end,
 It hath bene prophes'd to me many yeares,
 I should not dye, but in *Ierusalem*:
 Which (vainly) I suppos'd the Holy Land.
 But beare me to that Chamber, where Ile lye:
 In that *Ierusalem*, shall *Harry* dye. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Shallow, Silence, Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Page, and Dany.

Shal. By Cocke and Pye, you shall not away to night.
 What *Dany*, I say?
Fal. You must excuse me, *Mr. Robert Shallow*.
Shal. I will not excuse you: you shall not be excused.
 Excuses shall not be admitted: there is no excuse shall
 serue: you shall not be excus'd.

Why Dany.
Danie. Heere sir.
Shal. *Dany*, *Dany*, let me see (*Dany*) let me see:
William Cooke, bid him come hither. *Sir John*, you shall
 not be excus'd.

Dany. Marry sir, thus: those Precepts cannot bee
 seru'd: and againe sir, shall we fowe the head-land with
 Wheate?

Shal. With red Wheate *Dany*. But for *William Cooke*:
 are there no yong Pigeons?

Dany. Yes sir.
 Heere is now the Smithes note, for Shooing,
 And Plough-Irons.

Shal. Let it be cast, and payde: *Sir John*, you shall
 not be excus'd.

Dany. Sir, a new linke to the Bucket must needs bee
 had: And Sir, doe you mean to stoppe any of *Williams*
 Wages, about the Sacke he lost the other day, at *Hinckley*
 Fayre?

Shal. He shall answer it:
 Some Pigeons *Dany*, a couple of short-legg'd Hennes: a
 ioynt of Mutton, and any pretty little tine Kickshawes,
 tell *William Cooke*.

Dany. Doth the man of Warre, stay all night sir?

Shal. Yes *Dany*:
 I will vse him well. A Friend i'th Court, is better then a
 penny in purse. Vse his men well *Dany*, for they are ar-
 rant Knaues, and will backe-bite.

Dany. No worse then they are bitten. sir: For they
 haue marvellous fowle linnen.

Shallow. Well conceited *Dany*: about thy Businesse,
Dany.

Dany. I beseech you sir,
 To countenance *William Visor* of Wincote, against *Cle-*
ment Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many Complaints *Dany*, against that
Visor, that *Visor* is an arrant Knaue, on my know-
 ledge.

Dany. I graunt your Worship, that he is a knaue (*Sir*):
 But yet heauen forbid Sir, but a Knaue should haue some
 Countenance, at his Friends request. An honest man sir,
 is able to speake for himselfe, when a Knaue is not. I haue
 seru'd your Worshipp truly sir, these eight yeares: and
 if I cannot once or twice in a Quarter beare out a knaue,
 against an honest man, I haue but a very litle credite with
 your Worshipp. The Knaue is mine honest Friend Sir,
 therefore I beseech your Worship, let him bee Counte-
 nanc'd.

Shal. Go too,
 I say he shall haue no wrong: Look about *Dany*.
 Where are you *Sir John*? Come, off with your Bootes.

Give me your hand *Mr. Bardolfe*.

Bard. I am glad to see your Worship.
Shal. I thanke thee, with all my hearty kinde Master
Bardolfe: and welcome my tall Fellow; come Sir *John*.

Falstaffe. Ile follow you, good Master *Robert Shallow*.
Bardolfe. looke to our Horses. If I were law'd de iure
 Quantities, I should make foure dozen of such bearded
 Hermites Staues, as Master *Shallow*. It is a wonderfull
 thing to see the semblable Coherence of his mees spirites,
 and his: They, by obseruing of him, do beate themselves
 like foolish Iustices: Hee, by conuersing with them, is
 turn'd into a Iustice-like Seruingman. Their spirites are
 so married in Coniunction, with the participation of So-
 ciety, that they flocke together in consent, like to ma-
 ny Wilde-Geese. If I had a suite to *Mayster Shallow*, I
 would humour his men, with the imputation of bee-
 neere their Mayster. If to his Men, I would currie with
Master Shallow, that no man could better command his
 Seruants. It is certaine, that either wife bearing, or ig-
 norant Carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of
 another: therefore, let men take heede of their Compa-
 nie. I will deuise matter enough out of this *Shallow*, to
 keepe Prince *Harry* in continuall Laughter, the wearing
 out of sixe Fashions (which is foure Tearmes) or two Ac-
 tions, and he shall laugh with *Internallms*. O it is much
 that a Lye (with a slight Oath) and a iest (with a ladde
 brow) will doe, with a Fellow, that neuer had the Ache
 in his shoulders. O you shall see him laugh, till his Face
 be like a wet Cloake, ill laid vp.

Shal. Sir *John*.
Falst. I come Master *Shallow*. I come Master *Shallow*.

Scena Secunda.

*Enter the Earle of Warwicke, and the Lord
 Chiefe Iustice.*

Warwicke. How now, my Lord Chiefe Iustice, whe-
 ther away?

Ch. Iust. How doth the King?

Warw. Exceeding well: his Cares
 Are now, all ended.

Ch. Iust. I hope, not dead.

Warw. Hee's walk'd the way of Nature,
 And to our purposes, he liues no more.

Ch. Iust. I would his Maiesty had call'd me with him,
 The seruice, that I truly did his life,
 Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed I thinke the yong King loues you not.
Ch. Iust. I know he doth not, and do arme my selfe
 To welcome the condition of the Time.
 Which cannot looke more hideously vpon me,
 Then I haue drawne it in my fantasie.

*Enter John of Lancaster, Gloucester,
 and Clarence.*

War. Heere come the heauy Issue of dead *Harrie*:
 O, that the liuing *Harrie* had the temper
 Of him, the worst of these three Gentlemen:
 How many Nobles then, should hold their places,
 That must strike faile, to Spirits of wilde sort?

Ch. Iust. Alas, I feare, all will be ouer-turn'd.

John. Good morrow Cofin *Warwick*, good morrow.

Glouc. Cla. Good morrow, Cofin.

John. We meet, like men, that had forgot to speake.

War. We do remember: but our Argument

Is all too heauy, to admit much talke.

John. Well: Peace be with him, that hath made vs heauy

Ch. Iust. Peace be with vs, least we be heauier.

Glouc. O, good my Lord, you haue lost a friend indeed:

And I dare sweare, you borrow not that face

Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your owne.

John. Though no man be assur'd what grace to finde,
 You stand in coldest expectation.

I am the forrier, would 'twere otherwise.

Ch. Iust. Wel, you must now speake *Sir John Falstaffe* faire,

Which swimmes against your streame of Quality.

Ch. Iust. Sweet Princes: what I did, I did in Honor,

Led by th' Imperiall Conduct of my Soule,

And neuer shall you see, that I will begge

A ragged, and fore-stall'd Remission.

If Troth, and vp-right Innocency fayle me,

Ile to the King (my Master) that is dead,

And tell him, who hath sent me after him.

War. Heere comes the Prince,

Enter Prince Henrie.

Ch. Iust. Good morrow: and heauen saue your Maiesty

Prince. This new, and gorgeous Garment, Maiesty,

Sits not so easie on me, as you thinke.

Brothers, you mixe your Sadnesse with some Feare:

This is the English, not the Turkish Court:

Not *Amurath*, an *Amurath* succeeds,

But *Harry*, *Harry*: Yet be sad (good Brothers)

For (to speake truth) it very well becomes you:

Sorrow, so Royally in you appeares,

That I will deeply put the Fashion on,

And weare it in my heart. Why then be sad,

But entertaine no more of it (good Brothers)

Then a ioynt burthen, laid vpon vs all.

For me, by Heauen (I bid you be assur'd)

Ile be your Father, and your Brother too:

Let me but beare your Loue, Ile beare your Cares;

But weepe that *Harrie*'s dead, and so will I.

But *Harry* liues, that shall conuert those Teares

By number, into houres of Happinesse.

John, &c. We hope no other from your Maiesty.

Prin. You all looke strangely on me: and you most,

You are (I thinke) assur'd, I loue you not.

Ch. Iust. I am assur'd (if I be measur'd rightly)

Your Maiesty hath no iust cause to hate mee.

Pr. No? How might a Prince of my great hopes forget

So great Indignities you laid vpon me?

What? Rate? Rebuke? and roughly send to Prison
 Th'immediate Heire of England? Was this easie?
 May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

Ch. Iust. I then did vse the Person of your Father:

The Image of his power, lay then in me,

And in th' administration of his Law,

Whiles I was busie for the Commonwealth,

Your Highnesse pleased to forget my place,

The Maiesty, and power of Law, and Iustice,

The Image of the King, whom I presented,

And strooke me in my very Seate of Iudgement;

Whereon (as an Offender to your Father)

I gaue bold way to my Authority,

And did commit you. If the deed were ill,

Be you contented, wearing now the Garland,

To haue a Sonne, set your Decrees at naught?

To plucke downe Iustice from your awefull Bench?

To trip the course of Law, and blunt the Sword

That guards the peace, and safety of your Person?

Nay more, to spurne at your most Royall Image,

And mocke your workings, in a Second body?

Question your Royall Thoughts, make the case yours:

Be now the Father, and propose a Sonne:

Heare your owne dignity so much prophan'd,

See your most dreadfull Lawes, so loosely slighted;

Behold your selfe, so by a Sonne disdain'd:

And then imagine me, taking you part,

And in your power, soft silencing your Sonne:

After this cold consideration, sentence me;

And, as you are a King, speake in your State,

What I haue done, that misbecame my place,

My person, or my Lieges Soueraigntie.

Prin. You are right Iustice, and you weigh this well:

Therefore still beare the Ballance, and the Sword:

And I do wish your Honors may encrease,

Till you do liue, to see a Sonne of mine

Offend you, and obey you, as I did.

So shall I liue, to speake my Fathers words:

Happy am I, that haue a man so bold,

That dares do Iustice, on my proper Sonne;

And no lesse happy, hauing such a Sonne,

That would deliuer vp his Greatnesse so,

Into the hands of Iustice. You did commit me:

For which, I do commit into your hand,

Th' vnstained Sword that you haue vs'd to beare:

With this Remembrance; That you vse the same

With the like bold, iust, and impartiall spirit

As you haue done gainst me. There is my hand,

You shall be as a Father, to my Youth:

My voice shall found, as you do prompt mine eare,

And I will stoop, and humble my Intents,

To your well-practis'd, wise Directions.

And Princes all, belecue me, I beseech you

My Father is gone wilde into his Graue,

(For in his Tombe, lye my Affections)

And with his Spirits, sadly I suruiue,

To mocke the expectation of the World;

To frustrate Prophecies, and to race out

Rotten Opinion, who hath writ me downe

After my seeming. The Tide of Blood in me,

Hath proudly flow'd in Vanity, till now.

Now doth it turne, and ebbe backe to the Sea,

Where it shall mingle with the state of Floods,

And flow henceforth in formall Maiesty.

Now call we our High Court of Parliament,

And let vs choose such Limbes of Noble Counsaile,

That